

**The Making of A God
and Other Works of Black Art**

The Lost Writings of Basil Crouch

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This booklet is concerned with Basil Crouch's preoccupation with the fabulous land of 'Shoon', and the magickal ritual he associated with it, about which he wanted me to publish in the late 1980s. I didn't publish at the time for a number of reasons, not least because his writings on the subject were complex and jumbled and required a great deal of time to unravel, a task I could not delegate to another. Mr Crouch always fascinated me for many reasons. He was privy to some very rare magickal knowledge, holding what to some must have seemed odd occult beliefs whilst paradoxically at the same time being a vigorous sceptic. We may be surprised to learn, for example, that he did not believe in a life after death, that when we're gone, we're gone. And he once told me that he had completely made up a particular occult instruction or ritual – which had no basis in tradition and unproven, for it was just a whim of his imagination – that he had given to his students who then reported amazing results from it. This is very revealing, to say the least. Was he therefore a charlatan, but if so, how could his students obtain results from something false? To complicate matters further, I had sight of some of his correspondence with students lambasting them for their incompetence and lack of faith, that if a ritual failed to produce a result it was their fault and not his nor another living soul. Such scorn – almost contempt – bothered me, reminding me of a similar attitude held by Anton LaVey, founder of the Church of Satan, an organisation viewed with cynicism by many believers in the paranormal. It never ceased to amaze him how people always preferred a supernatural explanation for an unexplained phenomenon rather than concede to a duller and more rational

explanation. It was his opinion that almost all unexplained phenomena had a rational scientific cause and he regarded those who thought otherwise as infantile and gullible, hence his contempt. LaVey was no admirer of humanity and certainly had no qualms about things like murder. He believed that murder by 'Satanic' means was both possible and demonstrable; yet even in this he was not above charlatanism. He believed that charlatanism was often a necessity in order to conserve one's strength for important magickal work. Virtually every person with an occult reputation gets accused of charlatanism at some time or another: LaVey's position was not to fight such an accusation but to exploit it. But for myself I feel distinctly uncomfortable about the dishonesty of it, and for me it is just as exhausting to make a pretence of power: far better to allow both the sceptic and the gullible to believe what they want, for people will always choose to believe what they want regardless.

I believe that success obtained from instruction which Mr Crouch simply dreamt up demonstrates a fundamental occult truth: the magick happens within the individual and not within the instruction. All magick is the work of the individual psyche. Sometimes I am asked why, as an occult book publisher, if a title is supposed to bring all the success one needs, is there a necessity for hundreds more different titles? There are two explanations. First, what may work for one person may not work for another. I have had readers tell me that they have bought umpteen titles and none worked: then they bought so-and-so title and *voila!* success and fulfilment at last! Secondly, success becomes addictive. The reader, at last finding success, is not content with one book or one ritual: his appetite grows and he wants to try others. And there is no doubt that Mr Crouch believed in magick. Which brings me to his 'Magick of Shoon'.

SHOON

The Shoon is a magickal place which preoccupied Basil Crouch most of his life, he learning about it from the travelling folk during his career in the circus. Time and again he was told of this magickal place where people never aged and were never ill, they living in perpetual bliss and harmony. What sharpened his curiosity was the frequency of these reports, from people of different nations and cultures; but what exasperated him was the vagueness concerning the place's location. All he could ascertain was that it was 'somewhere in Africa' and in 'a mountainous region', which may explain the constant recurrence of this continent in all his magickal writings. But the name 'Shoon' has some slight resemblance to another fabulous land: Shamballa, another enchanted place where immortality and bliss obtain. However, this place has been precisely located in a mountainous region of Tibet, wherein it lies hidden and inaccessible, its immortal inhabitants untouched and untainted, save for a very few rare privileged individuals, by the madness of the rest of humanity. Shamballa is a much better documented place, having

attached to it legends from over the last millenia; but evidence for its existence remains hard to come by. However, there is 'no smoke without fire'. Consider the following. According to Tony Bushby in the magazine *Nexus* (Vol.16, No.6), a Chinese archaeological expedition found in the mountainous Tibetan region of Barin Kana Ula a cave with an astonishing content: graves aligned in parallel rows containing no ordinary skeletons. The heads were abnormally large on tiny bodies not more than four feet in length. Buried in the dust of the floor were 716 stone discs, resembling vinyl L.P. records, each engraved with strange characters in the grooves. It took 24 years to decipher these characters, Japanese professor Tsum Um Nu of the Peking (Beijing) Academy of Prehistory concluding that they told of a crash landing of an extraterrestrial spacecraft in about 10,000 B.C. The crew survived, but the craft was irreparably damaged. The Chinese authorities suppressed these findings and the Japanese professor resigned in frustration. 'However,' continued Bushby, 'the scientific community of the Soviet Union did not reject his report, and the results of further testing using an oscillograph supported these dramatic findings.'

One wonders what became of the skeletons and the discs: the most sensational archaeological find of the 20th century and yet almost completely ignored. A constant in Mr Crouch's teaching is the belief that esoteric knowledge has its origin in extraterrestrials, for which he might be thought mad, but in centuries to come he and like-minded may yet be vindicated. In particular, he believed that ancient Hebrew references – especially those in the apocryphal Book of Enoch – to angels consorting with humans was code for extraterrestrial contact. Angels – super beings from above – were superior beings from other worlds, in his opinion. Whilst the location of Shoon eluded him, his thoughts always turned to Africa rather than the Far East and so much of his writing is informed with the crude but changed atavism of that continent. And what a contradiction this is: 'crude' magick inspired by advanced beings from other worlds! At face value this seems absurd, but like so much of Basil Crouch's writings, things are not always quite what they seem. Enter his fascination with the African tribe of the Dogons, deep in the continent's interior, discovered living in splendid isolation from any kind of civilisation. 'Primitive savages' that astonished European explorers with their intimate knowledge of the stars Sirius and Sirius B, stars barely known to modern astronomers with their sophisticated equipment!

Sirius, popularly known as 'Dog-star', hence the tribe's name, is the brightest star in our skies, found in the constellation Canis Major in the descending line of Orion's belt. At a distance of some eight light years it is one of the nearest stars. A second neighbouring star Sirius B, a low-mass body called 'white dwarf' by astronomers, was not detected until 1915, yet the Dogons were well acquainted with it. Moreover, they claimed that their ancestors came from Sirius 'via Mars'. Sirius and Sirius B are stars from which no living thing can come, so we must assume that their claimed ancestry was from a planet in one of the stars' orbit.

They called Sirius B 'Po-Tolo', 'Po' meaning a tiny grain and 'Tolo' star, and

we know that Sirius B is a 'dwarf' star. The ancient Egyptians personified Sirius as the goddess Sothis as it heralded the annual inundation of the Nile with its bright appearance in the July dawn sky. The annual inundation was a crucial event in the life of Egypt, for without it nothing would grow. Sothis and her consort Orion were equated with Isis and Osiris, Egypt's premier grain deities.

CASE HISTORIES

A problem for me publishing Basil Crouch was the mass of case history material he supplied, sometimes two thirds of a book would consist of such material. He seemed to be forever encountering people in cafes and in the most casual circumstances, encounters which would have life-changing effects for them. It is easy to imagine such accounts, for Mr Crouch was a most sociable and affable man, the sort of man who would talk to anyone at any time and in any place without introduction. He was always interested in people and their problems. That he would immediately convey occult information to complete strangers is a measure of his eccentricity. Such a genial and kind spirited man could never be taken to be a keeper of dangerous black magick ritual, the moral being that one should not judge by appearances (but, of course, we always do). Each case history would ramble on for pages in tedious meandering detail and I wondered how much patience some readers would have for this. As a consequence I would expunge them from his work with the result sometimes that what he presented to me as a complete book would wind up as a mere booklet. But never was the actual occult information compromised or edited. There were also the case histories received by mail from his students which would present another problem. In his privately printed *Shoon, The City of Mystery* (as the title suggests, this fabulous place now shifts from being a country to the status of 'city') he wrote: 'The dilemma facing an author is that he hears many strange stories sent in by people, but in nearly every case the teller demands a strict confidence. Now, the author who would like to relate the story is often asked for proof of the story, but how is he to give that proof when the facts are heard in strict confidence? So he has to alter names and places.' I can vouch for this dilemma; but in the examples he supplied for 'Shoon' it is not entirely clear if the names supplied are in fact the real names. I will present these examples here – in abbreviated form – using only each person's initials, rather than complete names, to be on the safe side.

Case history No.1. Young D.H. was dying from a rare and incurable disease. His parents tried everything within their means to try and prolong his life, all to no avail. But when his father learnt of the ritual of Shoon, he followed the unlikely advice. Gradually the young man's symptoms eased and after six months had completely disappeared. The doctors were dumb-founded, for no-one, to their knowledge, had survived this disease. D.H. began a new life, progressing rapidly in an engineering firm and marrying his childhood sweetheart.

Case history No.2. W.S., a child, tumbled down the stairs, breaking her leg. The injury was serious and it was feared she may never be able to walk again. Her father, given the magick of Shoon, put it into practice. *A complete and miraculous cure was obtained in four weeks.*

No.3. D.V. ran a successful corner shop selling everything from groceries to newspapers. One day the inevitable happened when a large supermarket opened nearby. A small trader can never compete with the prices of a supermarket with its massive buying power muscle and most customers will always trade in loyalty for a cheaper price. Overnight D.V.'s business plummeted. When six months later he was declared bankrupt he suffered a nervous breakdown and one night he wandered out and didn't return. Some months later he was found in the gutter, dehydrated and malnourished and taken to hospital. The chap in the neighbouring bed told him of a man who never wanted for money, who lived off gambling. Most remarkably, this man *never lost a bet*. His secret lay in the black magick he had learnt from Basil Crouch. D.V. found the author, who explained what he had to do. He became a changed man and more confident than he had ever been before. He was reunited with his wife and family and within the year was living comfortably – from gambling.

Case history No.4. I suspect that this may be as long ago as the 1940s, or earlier, for it refers to the author's time as a fairground hand. A frequent visitor whilst the fair was in town was J.D. with her mother: but one day she just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time when a steam boiler exploded, scattering pieces of metal everywhere. The poor child was knocked to the ground with a piece of hot metal embedded in the side of her head. Emergency surgery saved her but she was irreparably injured. Mr Crouch described her distressing condition in detail which we need not go into, save to say that after two years he described her as changed from a bright intelligent girl to a prematurely aged woman – and she was only 15. It left a deep and lasting impression on him, for over the years he would regularly refer to it in both writing and conversation. It is unclear what his connection with the mother was, but the upshot is that he had introduced her to the fair's 'medicine man', an African versed in 'Shoon magick', he obliquely describing him as 'having a reputation for knowing things that are perhaps best left unsaid, a man who came from nowhere; a man of secrets and strange powers'. In any event this man cured the girl after six months, she returning to her former self. The author remained in touch, the girl reporting a happy marriage and children in later years.

No. 5 is another extraordinary case. S.I. was a young man whose limbs had not grown since childhood, giving him a freak appearance. 'I first saw him on a steamer coming in from Africa', wrote Mr. Crouch. His father, a friend of the author and a tribal chief, sought the best medical brains in London to study, and possibly treat his son's strange condition. But all was in vain and surgery or any other treatment was ruled out. The young man, however, had a keen intellect and a strong character and remained in London to study the magick of Shoon and in

particular 'Fan-Shaped Destiny' – more of which later – in a bid to see if it could heal his condition. Results came slowly, and although it took a long time, his limbs grew considerably.

How much credence can we attach to such stories? Some time ago I undertook a lengthy research into another author's case-book. I was astounded by what I found, particularly in the area of physical healings. The author had not exaggerated one single detail.

As a publisher and confidant of authors I get a sense of what is authentic and what is not. The tell tale is in money: when money is a condition of the submission of a testimonial I smell a rat. Genuine testimonials are always unsolicited and without any financial consideration, whether from authors or members of the public. That is why almost everyone disbelieves the testimonials of famous persons endorsing companies' products and services: one disbelieves because one knows they have been paid handsomely for their contribution. The testimonials I receive are not only unsolicited but invariably accompanied by a request for anonymity: so the persons have absolutely nothing to gain from their submission. I always found Mr Crouch a particularly honourable man to deal with: payment for his work was never his main concern. However, he was always paid by me, but if I said I could only publish without payment, for the print run would be so low and the sales limited, he still wanted me to publish. Neither was he – like so many authors – egotistical and conceited about his work, with an eye to possible fame. His main concern was always to get the information out, and he particularly feared that in his advancing years the unusual occult knowledge to which he was custodian might be lost after he was gone.

PREPARATIONS I

(A) On the 3rd, 7th or 9th of the month, obtain a pebble or a piece of coal, both ideally should be about the size of a walnut, and wrap them in plain unmarked white paper. (B) On any day obtain a few leaves from a tree, three blades of grass, a tablespoonful of soil, and seven red berries from a holly or any such shrub or tree bearing this colour. Wrap all in a sheet of white unmarked paper. (C) On any day obtain a piece of animal fur of any species, failing that a few hairs from a cat or dog 'which must be obtained without hurting the animal' and wrap in another sheet of plain unmarked paper. (D) On another day collect a dead wasp or fly and the feathers of a bird. These represent the element of air and should also be wrapped in a sheet of white paper. He jokes about collecting such things, adding the chilling thought, 'It's preferable to sacrificing a new-born baby – and that happens far more than you think'. (E) Gently prick your forefinger – he doesn't specify which one, so it can be either – collecting the drops of blood on another sheet of white paper. Place on the blood stains some of your nail clippings and wrap the paper, placing it with the other collected items. (F) Finally, you need

something of the element of water: a fish (any kind). Obviously, for many, the smell of fish is a problem, so the answer is to boil it until all the flesh loosens and all that is left is the skeleton: this will do. Wrap in white paper and place with the other items. (You may eat the boiled flesh.)

These various collections can be made over several days or weeks: no particular period is specified.

THE FETISH

Mr. Crouch then explains what all this is leading up to. 'You are now ready to construct the most powerful thing in the realms of magic, a thing that can grant all your wishes.' He explains that it can *both heal and destroy*. 'It can destroy your mind, and can kill you or any other living thing.'

Remember, you ~~were~~ warned before you bought this book!

But, then, no-one is forcing you to proceed with these instructions.

He adds that this thing can cause storms and affect any living thing, 'in fact there is very little that it cannot do'.

He calls this THE FETISH, a word derived from the Portuguese *fetico*, 'sorcery', itself derived from the Latin *facticus*, 'artifice'. The Portuguese voyagers gave this name to the idols worshipped by the natives of the African Guinea Coast, and the word to this day has remained synonymous with any image or object believed to possess magick powers. Referring to the making of a fetish he writes: 'Dare you make such a choice? Do you wish things that up until now have been impossible? You do? Then here is the doorway into realms unknown to normal humanity ... a pathway to superior magic. You are never again to be asked to sit and meditate or indulge in wishful thinking ... Here is the key that will unlock the gates of fortune for you.' That he believed absolutely in the power of the fetish has never been in doubt and doubtless he had good reason to.

PREPARATIONS II

'YOU ARE ABOUT TO CREATE NOTHING LESS THAN A GOD.' Ponder a moment the import of Mr Crouch's words. Here is blasphemy of the highest order. Here is taboo. Here is danger. Here is power. But how can you, a mere mortal, 'create a god': does this therefore make you greater than a god? *Not if it has the power to destroy you.*

But destroy you it will not, despite the author's warnings. In theory it can, but the reality is different. *However, you should not proceed with any of this if you have reservations.*

If you are a Catholic, the Church would have you excommunicated. But take a leaf out of the Church's book, just as it took a leaf out of the pagans' book in the

beginning. Their god, the Christ in the tabernacle, is kept on an altar, concealed.

You must have a secret place, if not a room, where your creation is to be kept and it must have its own altar.

IT SHOULD NEVER BE SEEN OR TOUCHED BY ANOTHER PERSON, SAVE ANYONE YOU ENTRUST, SOMEONE IN COMPLETE ACCORD WITH WHAT YOU ARE DOING.

If you cannot ensure any of these criteria then you should not proceed.

Next, he suggests, 'gather all the things you have collected and roll them up in a newspaper'. He doesn't say what becomes of the original sheets of white paper in which they were collected; moreover, newspapers contain the vibration of the stories they contain, but he obviously doesn't think this is a problem. In any event he suggests to 'keep adding paper until you have a ball of it the size of a coconut, or bigger' – but in point of fact the size is of no great consequence.

I would suggest that all items remain individually wrapped in their sheets of paper and that all should be bundled inside other sheets of unmarked paper, adding more paper – if required – until the size is big enough. As you are kneading it think solemnly of what you are doing: 'CREATING A GOD'. Apply glue to hold it together if necessary.

You have created its head. It now needs a face. Either make a mask, if you are creative enough for such an undertaking, or purchase one. You can obtain one from any establishment that sells theatrical effects, and also possibly any supplier of occult goods. The mask can be beautiful or grotesque, or whatever takes your fancy – but it must not be a child's mask. He also suggests that you place pieces of coloured glass behind the eye holes of the mask, backing the glass with paper. Tie or glue the mask to the head and upon the head fix a wig, as rudimentary or as elaborate as you like.

All these things cost time, effort and money. The gods demand it, for there is no such thing as 'receiving something for nothing'. The more you put into it the more you get back.

The fetish should be kept permanently on your altar. Your altar can be any surface: a table, a sideboard, a cabinet or chair. Ideally the fetish should be supported or hung in some manner so that it faces you. At this point the author goes into great detail on how to make supports, which supposes that the reader is competent at do-it-yourself, which many, including myself, are not. Use your own ingenuity for elevating and supporting your idol: it doesn't take a great deal of imagination. Blocks of some kind, book supports, or what have you, achieve the same effect. Again he reminds us:

'THIS FETISH – THIS GOD OF YOUR OWN MAKING – WILL GIVE YOU ALL YOU WILL EVER NEED.'

The fetish should be positioned on the altar so that when you kneel your eyes meet its eyes directly. If you are unable to kneel you can sit: but the idol must still be placed so that its eyes meet yours. At this point the author again assumes that the reader is a handy-man as he explains the construction of candle holders when

in point of fact many will think, 'Surely I can purchase them?' Which is precisely what you can do. So why his emphasis on making things? Although he doesn't expressly say so, this is almost certainly to do with the magickal idea that what one makes oneself possesses the maker's psychic energy. All magickal work, from props to ritual, should contain as much of oneself as possible. In the most extreme examples practitioners of magick build even their own temples, construct their own altar, make their own candles, and so on; all of which are next to impossible for the modern urban reader who would otherwise have to place his life on hold to do such things. However, purchasing ready-made goods does not render the reader's efforts in vain, for if it did he would surely have made it clear. Three candle holders are required, two of equal height in red, the other in white. The two red should be placed on either side of the fetish. The white should be six or more inches higher than the fetish and placed at its rear. If you cannot find candle holders in these colours then glue pieces of paper in the appropriate colours on to them.

The altar should be screened by a curtain; but if this is impractical then cover it with a cloth. He does not suggest a colour, but red or white is the obvious choice. Finally, you will need a white robe with 'a gold sash or cord'. A white dressing gown will perform the same function, so long as it is only used for ritual. If no gold colour is available then attach to the robe a brooch, straps, or whatever may represent gold. Other colours will be required but more of that later. Purpose-made robes, candle holders and other magickal artefacts can be obtained from any reputable occult supply house: we always recommend *House of Jupiter*.

THE AFRICAN GODS

Before the fetish becomes a 'living thing' it needs to be named and dedicated. Mr Crouch suggests naming it after a god (or goddess) and in this connection he describes a number of African deities from which the reader can choose. However, he doesn't expressly say that it must be an African god; and indeed later we shall see that European gods enter the equation. In the absence of explicit advice from the author on this matter I suggest you choose a name you are drawn to, be it African or European - or Asian or American - god. Here are the Africans he itemises:

AGASSOU, panther god of the royal house of Dahomey; AKONGO, god of the Ngombe tribe of the Congo; AKOVOUDOUN, the Dahomey's voodoo god of the dead. He mentions the Kenyan god AKUT and the 'supreme god of the Dogons', AMMA. He describes the progeny of Amma and it is hard to see any connection between it and the tribe's alleged ancestors from Sirius. He describes another creator god, the spider ANANSI of Ghana, who turns out to be a trickster.

From Uganda there is BALUBALLE, an earth god who governs lightning, the plague and death. There is BUMBA, creator god of the Congo; DANH, snake lord

of the Dahomey; and DXUI, creator god of South Central Africa, known to the Hottentots as TAU. GU is a war god in West Africa, and GURUHI is an evil Gambian god. HEITSI-EIBIB is the Hottentot's god of magick and HEVISSIO is the thunder god of the Dahomey. From East Africa is another creator god, JUOK, and from the Volta region is the bull-headed KAKA-GUIA. The demon god of the Basuto people is KHO-DUMO-DUMO, whilst close to Lake Victoria lives a cave-dwelling god, KOKOLA. LEGBA is an evil Dahomey god, yet he is invoked for protection (it is a curious feature of ancient religion that evil supernatural beings are invoked for their blessings; compare to the Christian terrified of any connection with the Devil!)

A particularly pernicious god is the Sudanese MARCARDIT, and another Dahomey figure is NANAN-BOWELOU, invoked for healing and cures. NEMAUNIZ is a storm god of the Kenyan MASAI people. OBASI-OSAW is the 'high god' of the HAUSA from the Niger; OGUN is a warrior god of the Yoruba; and ROCK-SENA is worshipped by the Serer of Gambia. WAKA is a rain god of the Ethiopian Galla people; and WE is the supreme deity of the Upper Volta, worshipped as WULBARI by the Krachin of West Africa.

An African acquaintance told Mr Crouch of his fetish, a snake made of clay. Whenever the fetish granted him money he paid a man to catch a live snake which he would worship before setting free. He described his offerings to the fetish, bringing it leaves from a tree, water, cereals, flowers, milk, cream, feathers from various birds, sweet smelling herbs and perfumes, potatoes, and a variety of fruits. Offering these he would chant before the idol, praying to it, even begging it. His was a darkly intimate communion with his fetish, which was the centre of his life.

DEDICATION CEREMONY

Likewise, you are to daily converse with the idol you have created, offering it fresh flowers, bread, fruits – whatever. You can discard these later in favour of new offerings. These represent a giving of yourself, an investment of your generous spirit in the god. *The god demands payment*, and this is your way of doing it. You will get nothing for nothing from the gods.

The dedication marks the creation of a *living thing*. Until now it is merely an inanimate object. Once dedicated it will begin to live, and with each passing day, you will come to realise that you do indeed have a LIVING GOD in your very midst! A god, which our source tells us, will not fail to produce. As a god it will demand respect and reverence. Until now you are greater, for you have created it: but once dedicated the balance alters, for its psychic energy will not only be of itself, but of *all gods*. What makes the universe tick resides within it and it has unrestricted access to everything you need.

Wearing your robe and without shoes or slippers (YOU SHOULD NEVER WEAR EITHER WHEN APPROACHING YOUR FETISH, AS A SIGN OF

REVERENCE), light the three candles. He doesn't specify colours, but it seems obvious that the candle behind the fetish should be white and the other two red and white. If red is unavailable use white, for the necessary balance between colours has been accomplished through the candle holders. Kneeling before the idol, raise arms and proclaim the following. You should have learnt this by heart in advance: you are not to read from the page.

'Oh, thou (state here the name you have given the fetish), you to whom I now give life –'

At this moment breathe into its face.

'with my own hands I have fashioned thee, not only with the things of earth, but also the bones of the creatures of water, the blood of my body and now, by my will, that thou art in essence a part of me and so form a link with my ancestors.'

Stretching your left hand, and resting it lightly on its head, continue:

'Oh, thou (state its name), this day do I dedicate thee by the names of the Spirits of Flame, who in days long past came from above the Earth and took to themselves the daughters of men and did make them with child. And it came to pass that these daughters of men bore unto the Lords of Flame and from that union do I, a child of Earth, spring. Possessing this knowledge, I consecrate thee this day, be thou evermore a protector of my being and a link with my forebears, for in truth I am part Spirit and part Earth.

'From this day forth shall I honour and love thee, an everlasting link with my Spirit-Earth ancestors. Through this link and through this knowledge am I no longer merely a child of man at the mercy of gods and mortals. I am free, free, free.

'So with my mind alone do I create a circle of fire about me and this sacred place, dedicated to my ancestors. Let this fiery circle be a barrier between the world of Spirit and the world of Earth. The spirits of my noble ancestors I meet in this holy circle, sanctioned and hallowed for all time.'

Following this, he says 'blow out all candles, disrobe and leave the room and wash hands in cold water'. He is emphatic that hands should always be washed in cold water after contact with the fetish.

DAILY PRAYERS AND OFFERINGS

Now that you have consecrated your fetish, you have in effect created your own personal religion: a religion more potent than any other, for it is unique to you. 'Your fetish can not only provide you with all you need', Mr Crouch says, 'but

what is of even greater importance is its link with Cosmic Mind. It can operate in realms beyond this Earth; it can put you in touch with great cosmic powers and the vast number of gods, demons and other elemental entities.'

He then provides a daily instruction based on the western planetary deities, even though the core ritual is African. Mixing different cultural magickal systems is a controversial point amongst occultists; but he is privy to secret knowledge denied to most and he would surely have been aware of this controversy. As it is your own private religion you may proceed as you please, so long as the author's strictures are observed. Converse daily with your god, unburden your anxieties and fears, be clear and specific about your needs and wants: remember, the god is there to fulfil them. Make daily offerings: coins, bread, honey, flowers, and anything else. Discarded offerings should be given to charity or disposed of. The offerings act as a medium of exchange between yourself and the god. The god will not give unless he or she receives: it is a universal spiritual principle. Go to the god empty-handed and you will finish up empty-handed. Each of the following daily rituals refers to a specific need; you do not have to perform them if they do not cover your needs, but Mr Crouch covers all seven days beginning with Monday, the day ruled by the Moon.

MONDAY

Your robe should be tied with a white or – if possible – a silver sash. Place on your altar anything which, in your view, represents the Moon, and, if possible, a poppy or sprig of willow. Light candles and say:

'(name of fetish), be thee evermore my protector and a link with my forebears.'

Next, you invoke one of the following mighty spirits, according to your need: Duyehoritme for menstrual problems or any other female disorder; Pavbe for anything electrical; and Ebitavme, who can be invoked simply as 'Eb', for uncovering the plans of anyone who may be plotting against you. Draw on a sheet of white paper with a pen that preferably has a white or silver barrel the sigil of the spirit and place it on your altar. The sigils are as follows:



Duyehoritme



Pavbe



Ebitavme

Now speak the following:

'Oh, mighty (name of spirit), whose sigil I have drawn and whose greatness fills the night's skies, I believe with my whole being that thou art with me at this moment. I recognise that thou art a part of me and I give thanks for this. I place myself in thy care and trust in thy help. The great (name) I thank thee and ask that thee leave here in peace and return to the stars.'

Dwell now on what it is you want or whatever problem it is you want solved. Then, when ready, salute the fetish saying 'Hail and farewell, (fetish's name). I thank thee.' Extinguish candles and disrobe.

Interestingly, he says that Lucifer himself can be invoked, so long as black instead of white is worn –but still with a white or silver sash. Moreover, he says that the names of Duyehoritme, Pavbe and Ebitaume are in point of fact spelt backwards: that if pronounced forwards, e.g. Pavbe = Ebvap, the spirit will stand beside you and if you fluff the instructions you could be in danger. 'You have been warned', he concludes. He doesn't say, but presumably black instead of white should be worn if their names are spoken this way.

TUESDAY

By his own admission, Mr Crouch says this is one you should skip – apart from your usual daily conversation or supplication to the fetish – for the ritual of this day belongs to Mars, a dangerous and destructive planetary lord. If you seek mischief or violence to befall someone, then invoke Gelahp, 'the intelligence and sphere of Mars'. No sigil is given for Gelahp. Whilst Mars is associated with violent energy, he also has a positive aspect, for example, in matters of physical courage and stamina. His instructions are vague, but I suggest either a white robe with red sash or red robe. Candles lit, place before the fetish the herb Plantain ('when finished with it', he says, 'give to your pet rabbit!') and a few almond nuts. A picture of a wolf or bear is also required. Say:

'Great Cosmic Mind, I seek thy guardianship. Grant me absolute protection and safety. Great Spirits of the Lords of Flame hasten to my safe-keeping. Send one of your manifestations to watch by me at this hour. In my thought I will form a triangle of red wool: may you confine within it the entities coming from the sphere of Mars.'

'I, a child of the Lords of Flame, request here before me in this triangle of red the intelligence of Gelahp from the sphere of Mars, appearing only in this triangle and nowhere else. Confine him to the red triangle.'

Now state what mischief you want done. Be specific and graphic: vagueness insults the demonic intelligence you have summoned, whose sole purpose is the execution of such work. *You must be specific and decisive in your speech* (which will be easy if you have thought it all first, which you should do with every magickal work). Dismissing the spirit, say:

'Go now, Gelahp; in peace return to your dwelling above the Earth. I thank thee for coming to me and for thy assistance. Let there be peace between us. In the names of the Lords of the Flame, I bid thee hail and farewell. Amen.'

Speak your farewell to the fetish, extinguish candles and disrobe.

WEDNESDAY

This day belongs to Mercury who is concerned not only with matters of the mind, but also the arts, and making money to boot. Place some clovers in a glass bowl. Your robe should have an orange cord or some other attachment in this colour. Present some narcissus flowers in a small vase. Add anything else deemed appropriate. Speak the following:

'(name of fetish), be thou ever more my protector and a link with my forebears, for in truth I am part Spirit and part Earth. I love and honour thee, a perpetual link with my Spirit-Earth ancestors. With thought alone I create a circle of fire about me and this sacred place, dedicated to my ancestors. The spirit of my noble ancestors meet in this holy circle, sanctioned and hallowed for all time.'

At this point confusion appears in the instructions. Earlier he tells us that the planetary spirit's name is given in reverse, yet now he says it should be forward. The spirit in question is Leatis, but he advises to say Sitael, the correct name. Previously he suggested danger in using the correct name; but it seems to me that the only danger lies in the magician's lack of firmness. If the magician is decisive and convincing in his speech and executions then he is in control. Hesitancy and uncertainty can be a magician's undoing. I would caution that if you cannot proceed decisively then you should not proceed at all.

Leatis/Sitael is the spirit of Mercury governing matters of the Mind. To invoke him and to meditate upon him is to gain superior mental and psychic power: the control of human and animal minds, making one an adept in hypnosis, suggestion and telepathy. Strong stuff! Speak:

'Lords of Flame, I humbly acknowledge thy guardianship and protection. On the day of Mercury I call forth Sitael (or: Leatis).'

Now, in your own words, say exactly what it is you want, then dismissing the spirit with:

'Go now, Sitael; in peace return to your dwelling above the Earth. I thank thee for coming to me and for thy assistance. Let there be peace between us. In the names of the Lords of Flame, I bid thee hail and farewell. Amen.'

Speak your farewell to the fetish, extinguish candles and disrobe.

If you seek to excel in the arts then summon Lebael, here again he gives the name in correct form rather than reverse. You summon and dismiss him with the same words as above, but obviously substituting his name. Tell the spirit exactly the nature of your artistic aspirations.

THURSDAY

This is Jupiter's day, he who is lord of all great wealth and good fortune, success and advancement in general. Your robe should have a blue sash. If that's not possible then some other marking or representation of blue. Place on the altar some flowers and, if possible, a few sprigs of an ash tree. Try and obtain a picture of herbane, a poisonous herb, also placing that on the altar. He also suggests 'three feathers of a peacock' which surely will not be possible for most! The whole idea is to make offerings that are ruled by Jupiter. Here is a brief listing of some other things under his rulership: figs, lime, berries, peppermint, fruits in general, ginseng, hyssop, jasmine, wheat, clover, chestnuts, asparagus. In blue ink draw the sigil of the first genius of Jupiter, which the author writes as Leadjholam. Not easy to draw, but do your best:



This drawing, and others like it, are from Dogon rock etchings, he says. Candles lit, proceed:

“(name of fetish), be thou ever more my protector and a link with my forebears, for in truth I am part Spirit and part Earth. I love and honour thee, a perpetual link with my Spirit-Earth ancestors. With mind alone I

create a circle of fire about me and this sacred place, dedicated to my ancestors.'

The instruction now varies. Instead of calling the spirit you simply ask that he comes to you 'only in the mind'. Say:

'I humbly beseech thee, oh Leadjholam, first genius of Jupiter'.

Now state exactly what it is you want. Then say:

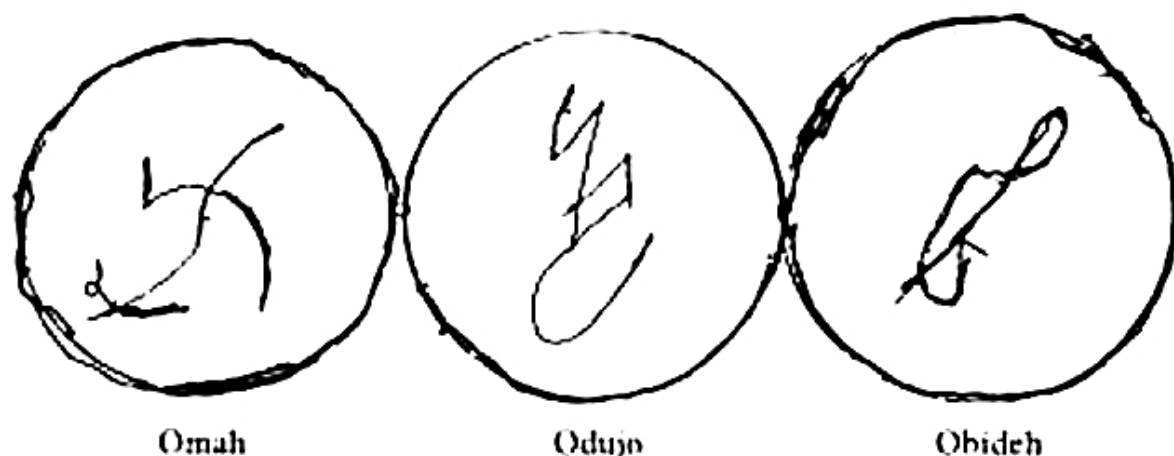
'Oh magnificent genius of Jupiter, I thank thee for thy intervention. I now dismiss thee; please return in peace to thy own blessed realm. Amen.'

The ritual is concluded. Bid farewell to the fetish, extinguish candles and disrobe.

FRIDAY

Venus' day, the goddess whose concern are relationships of every kind and peace, harmony and equilibrium. Anything to do with love is her concern. Your robe must have some dash of green, either in the cord or by way of some other attachment. Green leaves are a suitable altar offering. Other offerings can include any kind of copper, artichokes, any pleasing aroma, blackberries, beans, brooches in general, plums, cakes, cherries, grapes, dried fruits, precious stones, any delicate herb.

According to Mr Crouch, there are eight primary intelligences of Venus (and 90 secondary), all of equal power and efficiency. However, he lists only three, Omah, Odujo and Obideh, whose names are spelt correctly and not in reverse. Their sigils, which should ideally be inscribed with green ink on white paper; or, should green ink be unavailable, use black or green paper, if possible (green ink and green paper is, of course, also in order).



Candles lit, speak as follows:

'(name of fetish), be thou ever more my protector and link with my forebears, for in truth I am part Spirit and part Earth, I love and honour thee, a perpetual link with my Spirit-Earth ancestors.'

Continue as follows:

'Oh, Omah, Odujo, Obideh, and the other great intelligences of Our Lady Venus, I summon thee. Harken to my wishes.'

Now, in your own words, specify exactly what you want from these powers. Dismiss them as follows:

'Go now, Omah, Odujo, Obideh, and the other great intelligences of Our Lady; in peace return to your dwelling above this Earth. I thank thee for coming to me and for thy assistance. Let there be peace between us. By the Lords of Flame I bid thee hail and farewell. Amen.'

Say your farewell to the fetish, extinguish candles and dis-robe.

SATURDAY/SUNDAY

Of this day, sacred to Saturn, Mr Crouch gives no names of planetary genii, suggesting the danger is 'too great'. The genii cited by other authors he says are of a particularly insignificant order. Sunday is, of course, the 'Sun's day' and the preferred colour is gold or deep yellow. The sun is concerned with good health and a strong heart, riches and honours. Offer clover or any sweet smelling flowers. Draw the sigil of the Olympic Spirit of Och on deep yellow paper.



He says there is a total of 45 solar genii, but it is necessary to invoke three in this order: Emnasut, Lubech and Dubezh. Draw on a sheet of deep yellow paper their sigils thus:



Emnasut



Lubech



Dubezh

Candles lit, say the following:

'(fetish's name), be thou ever more my protector and link with my forebears, for in truth I am part Spirit and part Earth. I love and honour thee, a perpetual link with my Spirit-Earth ancestors.'

Then say the following:

'Oh great ones of our Sacred Star, harken to this child and grant my wish.'

This is followed by a clear statement in your own words of what it is you desire. You then complete the ritual thus:

'Go now Emnasut, Lubech and Dubezh; in peace return to your dwelling above the Earth. I thank thee for coming to me and for thy assistance. Let there be peace between us. In the names of the Lords of Flame, I bid thee hail and farewell. Amen.'

Say your farewell to the fetish, extinguish candles and disrobe. And that completes the daily planetary rituals. They are not unlike the planetary invocations of other traditions, the main distinction being the presence of the fetish, which, according to Mr Crouch, embodies the 'Cosmic Mind' and is the calling and receiving agent for everything you need. He doesn't expressly say so, but it seems to me that the planetary ritual is in effect optional: another occult formula out of many available to the magician. If the fetish is the god - the Cosmic Mind - it alone can manifest your wishes. Fetishism is nothing less than what the Church calls 'idolatry', the most serious of sins, for God's first commandment to Moses was 'Thou shalt worship no other gods before me': which made the Jews so remarkable to other people in the ancient world, all of whom worshipped idols (yet the Catholic Church cannot see the irony of its buildings populated by 'graven images').

ENSLAVEMENT OF A MAN OR WOMAN

Having dealt with the planetary powers Mr Crouch deals separately and at length with what he calls 'the enslavement of the soul of a woman or man'. Doubtless there are those who would say that I should exercise my right as a publisher to omit this particular ritual on account of its immorality. Were I to publish on the basis of morality then I should not have considered publishing the present work at all. The moralist assumes that for one to control another is wrong, but *most of us are controlled anyway*. As the majority of humankind does not understand self-control it is therefore fated to be the object of control. The ritual:

(A) You will need an effigy of your subject. A doll of any kind, a rag doll; a doll self-made or purchased from a shop will do. It should not be more than ten inches tall.

(B) You will also need a cardboard box for the doll, a sheet of black paper – gift wrapping in this colour should not be hard to find; also string and a sheet of wrapping paper.

(C) Place these items on your altar before the fetish and recite the following:

'(name of fetish), be thou ever more my protector and link with my forebears, for in truth I am part Spirit and part Earth. I love and honour thee, a perpetual link with my Spirit-Earth ancestors.'

(D) Now, in your own words, tell the fetish that you are going to invoke the powers of Venus to enslave the person represented by the effigy. Draw the following eight sigils in green ink on green or white paper:



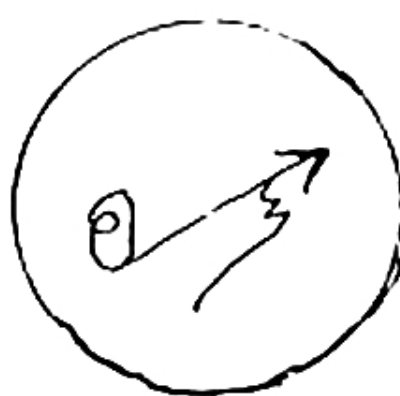
Isch



Isodeh



Idmuh



Irumiah



Idovi



Idea



Isill



Ismee

(E) Speak the following:

'I call upon the holy powers of Our Lady Venus. I call for the manifestation of Isch, Isodeh, Idmuh, Irumish, Idovi, Idea, Isill and Ismee.' (He advises that these are the correct names and should not be reversed.)

'Come before me, Oh Great Ones and help me to raise the magick powers of old to enslave the soul of (person's full name).'

(F) Moisten your right index finger and touch the doll's forehead. There is no need to say anything more to the spirits summoned, you speaking to the fetish instead. Talk to it about why you want to enslave this person.

Now here is something you need to prepare yourself for: according to Mr Crouch you may hear in your head the fetish speak. IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE THAT THE FETISH ITSELF MAY SPEAK TO YOU.

If it doesn't happen at this ritual it may happen in another. Do not be afraid: you should never be afraid. Pursuing magick of this kind requires courage. You either proceed fearlessly or not at all. The cost of fear is too high.

(G) Carefully unflap the cardboard box, laying it flat out. Cut two strips of black paper about one inch wide and glue them to the card in a criss-cross fashion from corner to corner. Lay the doll on the card stretching its limbs on the black strips.

(H) With the string, tie down legs and arms, strapping it also around the torso. Puncture holes through the card so that the string can be threaded through and knotted at the back. Or the string can be sellotaped down at the back; but however tied or sealed it must be sure enough not to unfasten.

(I) With the string you have left make a circle on the floor, placing the effigy inside it. Kneeling, say the following:

'I invoke thee who is seated in the invisible darkness and who art in the midst of the great gods sinking and receiving the Sun's rays and sending forth the luminous Goddess of the Moon. By the great god Barzan, Boubarzan, Narazazouzan, Barzaboureth, answer me with the truth, for I conjure thee to do my bidding. Let the very soul and spirit of (person's full name) come under my power and in asking this favour I do cast upon the waters the Path of the one I wish to own.

'Hear then (person's full name), it is my desire that I hold dominion over thy soul unto the end of time. Grant me this favour, thee who art seated in the invisible darkness, and I will glorify thee by lighting a candle in my sanctuary for one year and a day. Amen.'

(J) Re-assemble the flapped out cardboard into its original box shape. Obviously this will not be perfect, but you can bind all together with string or strong parcel sealing tape.

(K) Place the sealed box on your altar. Looking at the fetish, stretch hands, palms down saying:

'Oh Mighty Ones from all spheres who have attended me this hour, I now dismiss thee from all further duties. I bid thee return with my gratitude and blessings to your own realms of being. Thank you. Amen.'

(L) Wrap parcel in brown paper and throw it into the river or sea.

Remember your promise to light a candle to the dark unnamed spirit every day for the next year and one day. It is to be extinguished with the others each time and relit accordingly.

EVOCATION OF DEMONS

According to Mr Crouch, most demons of fire and water are to be avoided. In any event, he presents an extensive list of (mostly) earth and air demons which he claims can fulfil most needs. That said, I doubt if most readers will attempt the ritual on account of its preparation. I was tempted to omit it, but that would have deprived collectors of magick lore a rare work which otherwise may never see the light of day. So I present it for the purpose of information only, based on my interpretation of the author's convoluted instruction. He suggests the construction of a triangle of wood or metal as a support for the fetish. Each of the three sides of the triangle should be eighteen inches long, the fetish being suspended from the meeting of the three points. A magician might enlist the aid of a handyman to construct such a device. The triangle is then wrapped in wool, the colour of which should correspond to the preference of the demon evoked. Some kind of adhesive may be required to make the wool hold; small tight rubber bands could also serve the same purpose. Suspended in the air, the fetish is then illuminated by a lamp. Again, this is a project that could be entrusted to a handyman. Mr Crouch suggests a base-board fitted with a batten type bulb holder for a six volt battery. The bulb is covered by a fruit jar – or any kind of jar – which, ideally, is wrapped in a cellophane corresponding to the particular demon's colour (but that may not always be possible, in which case the magician proceeds regardless).

On the floor a circle of wool – in the demon's colour – is made, which is four feet wide. Within the circle four black candles are set at right angles, opposite each other. A wand is also required, which can be any piece of long stick, painted in the demon's particular colour. If the demon in question has two colours then the

magician paints one end of the wand in one colour and the other end in the second colour, allowing a space of about six inches between both colours.

A shower or bath should be taken before the ritual, with particular attention paid to the hands. Such washing symbolically cleanses the magician of unwanted psychic influences, purifying and focussing him for the task at hand. The magical robe is worn with a sash appropriate to the demon evoked and the magician thinks hard on what it is he wants the demon to accomplish.

The altar containing triangle and illuminated suspended fetish is supposedly within a circle that also contains four candles, and the magician is expected to work within it – clearly a cramped situation. The magician next draws three copies of the demon's sigil, placing each under the three triangular points. The magician is then to concentrate on the demon to be evoked, imagining him to be present in the triangle. The sigil is then drawn in the air, beginning at the top of the triangle, then to the left and finally to the right. The wand is dropped in the circle and the magician steps into it. The candles are lit and the magician kneels in contemplation of the outcome he seeks. He then picks up the wand, points it at the fetish and speaks: 'I call upon (demon's name). Come, oh mighty one! I would have words with thee. (Demon's name), hear me, I summon thee to come to me, appearing through the fetish created through my own hands. (Demon's name), I summon you to appear if you so desire, in form or voice. Appear as a thing of beauty and not in any odious form and without the stench of the Abyss. (Name), come to me in my holy place in peace and grant me your favour.'

Each candle is then touched with the wand, the magician pausing several moments between each to contemplate the purpose of the ritual. This is followed by the most difficult part and it hard to see how the magician is expected to know it off by heart in advance; on the other hand he could write it down and read it. According to the author this is the language of the 'Children of Heaven who visited Earth'. No guide is given to pronunciation.

'Ur Vau Pal Veh Va-hath Meo. Veh Wau Pal Fah Graf. Tal Gon, Graf Drun
Graf Tal Gon Graf Fah. Ur Graf Gisa. Tag Graf. Mals Pal Graf Vau Un Gon
Ur. Un Ged Un Drun Fa Gisa. Un Ur Ur Ged Gon Vad Graf. Tal Graf. Mals
Meo Vad Graf Don. Med Vad Graf Ur. Un Ur Ur. Ged Ur Un Drun Gisa.
Un Ur Ur. Tal Gon. Gal Graf Fah Gon Ur Graf Fam. Orth Meo Ur Gon. Ur
Meo Vad Graf. Gisa Na Graf Graf. Un Tag Graf Drun.'

This spoken, the magician drops wand again and remains quiet for a few minutes. At this juncture the magician asks the fetish for all the things desired, followed by questions which are answered in the head, i.e. the imagined answers are heard in one's thoughts. Then: 'Please appear in the triangle. I give thee psychic power to manifest right here and now in a most pleasing manner.'

Finally, there is the dismissal. 'Oh, mighty (name), it's now time for departure. I now send thee on thy way to do my bidding. Do so in peace. Go in peace and be ever more ready for my future call.' A few moments are allowed to pass before

extinguishing candles and switching off bulb. The magician then lingers a little so as to regain normal composure before disrobing.

Now follows Mr Crouch's list of demons. Their elemental quality is usually not given and there is no mention of their individual characteristics. Names are followed by specific colours and areas of influence. No guide to the pronunciation of names is given.

| | |
|-----------|---|
| ARGILO | Red. Friendship and love. |
| ASPADIT | Red and blue. Games of chance; betting in general. |
| BALACHMAN | Green and orange. For help in all matters astrological. |
| CAUBOT | Red and wine. Anything to do with the written word; inspiration for writers. |
| CONCARIO | Green. All magick specifically under the influence of the Moon. |
| DOSOM | Brown. Medicine, all occult workings, hypnotism, magnetism. |
| ECDULON | Blue. All magickal workings. Love and friendship. |
| HADCU | Red and orange. All esoteric knowledge. |
| HAHADU | Blue. Military matters. Discord; conflict; battle. |
| IGIGI | Black. Power and influence over people and animals; also for the friendship of any person. |
| JROMONI | Red and blue. Quick easy money; but, predictably, he can be devious and unreliable, not always delivering. |
| JUGULA | Red. 'Brings various effects on the astral and physical plains'. |
| MANMES | Yellow and green. All matters herbal. |
| MOLABEDA | Orange and blue. Often reluctant to help beginners. Wealth is his concern, particularly wealth acquired through gambling. |
| NASCELA | Green and red. An inspirer of writers. |
| OPILON | Yellow. Studies and examinations. Domestic life and commerce. |
| OPOLLOGON | Violet. Helps with spells under the sphere of the Moon goddess. Assists with astral projection. |
| PARFESA | Green. 'a polite demon' and always 'ready to help the beginner'. He is concerned with all practical matters. He has great influence with games. |

RAMERA

Red. Aids the success of difficult ritual workings. Governs esoteric knowledge.

SECAMBI

Green. Governs love charms and perfumes. Harmony between the sexes. 'Wealth through sex is his special power'.

SERNPOLO

Violet. Success in general.

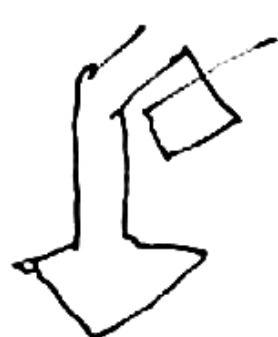
TABORI

Orange. For success and safety in all maritime activities.

TARDO

Red. For awakening hidden talents.

THE DEMONIC SIGILS



Argilo



Aspadit



Balachman



Caubot



Concario



Dosom



Ecdulon



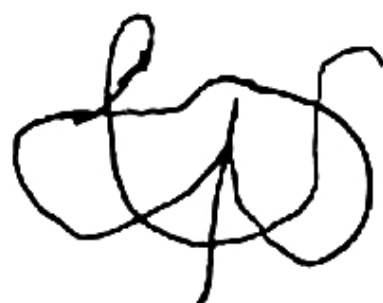
Hadcu



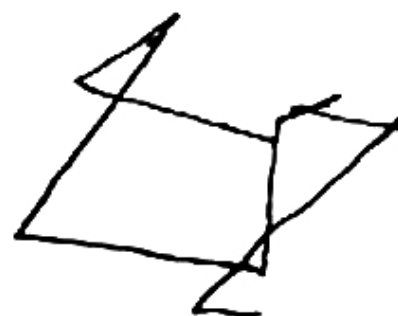
Hahadu



Igigi



Jromoni



Jugula



Manmes



Molabeda



Nascela



Opilon



Opollogon



Parfesa



Ramera



Secambi



Sernpolo



Tabori



Tardo

CONCEIVING A CHILD

In one of his more unusual case histories Mr Crouch tells of a blissfully happy young couple, presumably some time in the 1960s, who had it all, but for one thing – a child. They go on Safari in Somalia – of all places – where the rule of the law is a joke, he enjoying the thrill of shooting wild game. They are ambushed by a local tribe. We don't hear what became of him – but one would hope that it was a fate similar to the one he enjoyed inflicting on defenceless animals – but she is kept by the tribe whose chief desires so beautiful a young European woman, taking her for his 54th wife. She explains that she cannot conceive, a matter taken care of with 'a ritual from Shoon' and in due time she presented her new husband with a boy. This ritual, Mr Crouch explains, is so simple that 'a child can do it' – literally – as he knew of a 12-year old boy and 9-year old girl who performed it and she was a mother by the time she was ten.

For this ritual four candles are required, preferably in orange; otherwise white will do. Make a circle on the floor. He doesn't explain the manner of making this circle, so presumably it doesn't matter, so long as the floor is marked by some kind of boundary. It also needs to be large enough to contain both participants. Within it are placed the candles, positioned north, west, south and east. A herbal tobacco is required, preferably one with a mixture of damiana, from which three cigarettes

are rolled and placed in an ashtray. Inside the circle, both persons should be naked and facing one another. For a moment both should concentrate on what it is they want from this ritual, eyes open or closed: the conception of a child. They either speak the following prayer together, or each individually:

'Dear Lady Venus, fulfiller of women's needs, harken to our supplication. For we seek not for children, but for blessings of another kind: money and the things it can buy. Money and peace of mind and the harmony only you can bring. In exchange we would ask that one of your consorts possess this fair lady's body at this time.'

This may seem a strangely phrased prayer, but its psychology makes sense. The male now lights the cigarette, takes a draw from it, puffing the smoke at the north candle. He then hands the cigarette to his partner, she repeating his action but puffing at the south candle. Returning cigarette to the male he puffs at the east, and she completes the cycle with the west. They repeat the cycle again and again until the cigarette is finished and dropped in the ashtray.

Next, both take a cigarette each, he puffing smoke at her breasts, she at his chest; then at each other's stomach and finally at each other's genitals. Swapping cigarettes, they continue doing the same thing until cigarettes burn down. They then kiss and make love. The author concludes this instruction with the comment, 'You read of strong things in my writings, little wonder for in my eternal quest for magick I have been in strange places, dealt with strange people and I suppose I have become somewhat strange myself.' He goes on to add that the reader may also become strange as a consequence, yet 'it's time such secrets were brought out into the open, for no man has the right to conceal important knowledge'.

THE ACT OF VANISHING

If the foregoing seems strange, consider now the following. It was just before Christmas, circa 1968 when Mr Crouch was at an informal gathering of occultists whose particular interest was African magick. They were all a little worse for drink when one of their number began doing some odd movements with his hands. The others looked on in amusement when someone else started doing the same thing but also waving his arms and kicking his legs in different directions and taking in huge gulps of air. 'I knew someone once', he exclaimed, 'who by moving his limbs like this whilst taking in deep breaths could actually make himself disappear into thin air!' Then an elderly man responded, 'I remember something about him, but as I recall he moved like this ...', proceeding to demonstrate the movements. And that was the last anyone had seen him.

He disappeared right in front of their eyes!

He simply vanished. One second he was there, the next he was not.

Stunned, they were bewildered and stupefied. Later searches for the missing

man were fruitless. Police enquiries came to nought. He was never seen or heard of again.

Mr Crouch concludes the story saying, 'Of course you won't believe it, you won't want to believe it, but happen it did.'

The phenomenon of disappearing people and objects is one that exercised the author's curiosity a great deal. He gave a lot of attention to the bizarre case of a horse rancher near Gallatin, Tennessee who in 1880 gave two children a savage beating for stealing apples from his orchard. The children's mother, a ranch employee, was a keen student of the Black Arts and sought her revenge. She applied something she read about concerning the 'Egyptian Book of Thoth'. According to a tradition, an ancient 'Witch-Queen' destroyed all her enemies by making effigies of them covered by a mould which melted in the morning sun. The destruction was clean and succinct: her enemies simply disappeared. The vengeful Mother took two basins to make a mould of red jelly with walls one inch thick. The mould was hollow and in the shape of a basin. She then wrote the rancher's name on a piece of paper, wrapping it in a dough which she fashioned into an effigy of the intended victim. Covering effigy with the jelly mould she placed it in the garden. By morning the jelly had melted and a rook descended snatching the dough and devouring it with his mate. This was at 11.30.

Meanwhile, that same day the rancher was expecting visitors, a judge and his wife. He and his own wife and two children were on the verandah as the visitors arrived in their trap, two men raising their hats in greeting. At that moment *the rancher vanished from the face of the earth*. In front of five witnesses he disappeared, never to be seen again. All searches and enquiries by the authorities came to nothing.

The moment of the man's vanishing was reported to be at 11.30.

The story was a sensation in its day, reported by all the newspapers. The rancher's name was David Lang, the Judge, Peck. The date of the disappearance was September 23, 1880. Whilst this bizarre event is amazing, its connection with black magick makes it even more so; but Mr Crouch provides no details about the woman or how her story was obtained. Had her story been public at the time she would have been hounded and persecuted. But stories of victims meeting their fate at the exact moment of an act of destructive magick are legion, particularly in the African tradition. Indeed, elsewhere in his work on Shoon he relates how a white hunter molested the wife of a Nigerian witch doctor. The latter went into a trance, awakened to make an image of his victim and attached it to the trunk of a tree. He prays an hour and then throws a long knife at the image: at that precise moment the victim was stabbed in the back and later died.

Mr Crouch also comments on whole armies of men disappearing into the ether, citing the Roman troops which sought to repulse the Picts north of Hadrian's Wall only to then vanish into thin air. 800 men, horses, chariots, weaponry – all had simply vanished. In more recent times – 1918 – a British regiment of some 1000 men advanced in broad daylight over a hill: a mist fell over them and they were never seen again. No trace of them was ever found. After the war the British

Government made representations to the Turkish authorities who denied all knowledge of such a regiment.

Such stories appear from time to time in journals exploring the unknown and the unexplained. Usually there is a weight of evidence substantiating the reports, but rarely, if at all, an explanation of the phenomenon. We know that magicians – of the entertainment kind – can make people and large animals and objects disappear, but these are mere illusions. They ‘disappear’ after concealment by a screen, so that when the screen is removed what was previously present is no longer. Nothing has actually disappeared into thin air, for the objects of illusion have simply been moved elsewhere while the screen was in place.

Mr Crouch relates these tales as a prelude to what a witch doctor of the tribe of Bozo told him. In times of old a strange people dwelt amongst the Bozo, a race of gods who would make the tribal women vanish into thin air. He spoke, too, of odd looking birds from the heavens who brought with them the gods in their bellies. These gods induced the Bozo women to go into the jungle and collect certain herbs. These herbs were fed to the birds who then took the young women into their bellies and flew away; they did not take the older women. The author suggests that these birds and their gods are in point of fact extraterrestrial aircraft and their crews. But what is the significance of collecting herbs and feeding the birds?

THE DEMON OF DISAPPEARANCE

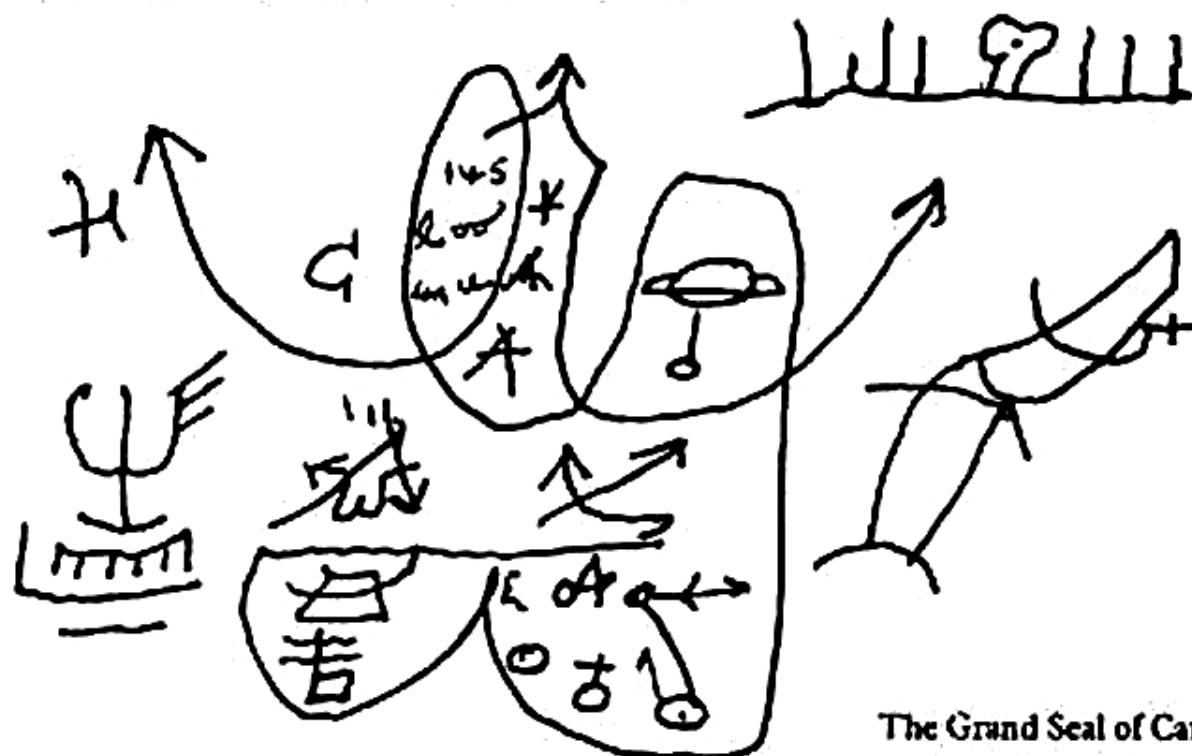
This ritual is for information purposes only. The author says he never tried it, for fear of the one part working – disappearance – but the other part not, reappearance. The demon in question is Camiel, who is connected to the ‘eleventh genius of Jupiter’. The magician uses skullcap which apparently has a similar effect to pot and marijuana. One ounce of it can be steeped in a pint of boiling water for twenty minutes and then drunk before commencing the ritual. The magician then makes a short prayer to his fetish before creating a circle of wool on the floor of four feet width. Sitting in the circle the magician drinks the skullcap, or smokes it. After ‘a while’ the magician looks to the ceiling and sees a mist forming, it descending and swirling around him. Now the following is spoken: ‘Oh, Cambiel, demon of Jupiter, master of the invisible, I would ask this moment for my body to be made of mist and without any harm to my being.

‘I shall not be changed into anything debased. I shall be free of injury and debility.

‘I conjure thee to transport my body form from this place to another as quickly as the flash of thought. You will familiarise me and instruct me wisely in whatever realm I go to and you will return me to this circle when I demand it.

‘You must comply with all these points. Should you neglect any detail then you shall know no peace neither here nor on Jupiter. So come to me now quickly and obey me implicitly on all points.’

The author then states that the magician remains seated, contemplating invisibility, after which he washes his hand in cold water. The Grand Seal of Camiel is to be drawn as accurately as possible in blue ink and placed on the altar. Given the complexity of this seal, he suggests the magician could photocopy it: in which case it should be circled in blue ink.



The Grand Seal of Camiel

THE FAN-SHAPED DESTINY

Mr Crouch tells the story of one Nelly Simmonds who injured her arm in a gardening accident. This led to blood poisoning and she fell seriously ill. In hospital there was even talk of amputation of her arm. But she knew a Shoon magician and he explained the ritual of the Fan-Shaped Destiny. Taking her before his fetish he asked her to recite the following:

I affirm to the universe that I am the master of my life. My thoughts are attuned to my ancient ancestors and I am one with the Universal Mind. So now I can contact the invincible spirits of the Lords of Flame for their will to be done through me. I am one with these spirits as a drop of water is one with the oceans. I will allow this truth to flow through my veins. I cast out all thoughts of limitation and embrace the infinite and the limitless. I will speak with myself through the divine power of (here name the fetish), whom accomplishes everything through Universal Mind. I rejoice in this mighty limitless power. I shall go forth into the world conscious of my divine ancestry, knowing I am not only a Child of Earth, but of the planets and the stars. The universe lives through me. Amen.'

Whilst she was yet kneeling the magician tied three cords around her arm, two red and one white, lightly tied. The loose ends of the cords were long enough to be placed beneath a small glass bowl situated in front of the fetish. Into this bowl she placed her offering. The cords were then placed over the shoulders of the fetish, she then speaking:

‘Oh great Lords of Flame I appeal to thee to receive vital force. Thou, who control nature’s vast and wondrous powers, and who created all in the beginning: to your awesome might I make my plea. Render me free from my suffering so that I may manifest thy great powers on this earthly plane. To this purpose may thy powers descend on me, a child of Earth. To thee, Supreme Intelligence of the Stars, I submit my plea to make whole. I know that thy limitless power can cure me of all ills, for I am the offspring of thy starry divinity. With all my heart I long to worship thee. To Thee I submit, cleansed and purified in thy starry substance.’

The ritual over, she washed her hands. She regained the full use of her arm, enjoying a speedy and complete recovery.

Mr Crouch attempts to explain the idea behind the Fan-Shaped Destiny, but by his own admission says it is difficult to understand: I certainly don’t understand. The gist of it is that we each have several simultaneous destinies, but can choose only one. As an example, he says that in a car crash we can be injured lightly or badly – or escape entirely unscathed. Death is another possible outcome. His suggestion of ‘choice’ makes no sense, for in the event of an accident we have no choice – for that is the whole essence of an accident. At that instant we are *incapable* of choice. However, he also adds that what one can do is to speak to the fetish each morning telling it that you *choose* to have a good idea, that whatever the day brings it will be in your favour. Make a point of telling your fetish what good you expect each day.

ALIENS IN RWANDA?

Curiously, just as I am closing this work an interesting newspaper report has been passed to me. It appeared in the American weekly tabloid *The Sun*, dated January 25, 2010 and concerns the discovery of a remarkable cemetery deep in the African jungle in Kigali, Rwanda. It was stumbled upon by government officials investigating poachers who hunt and kill endangered species in the area. A team of anthropologists flew in led by Dr Lars Amders from the Stockholm University and Dr Hugo Childs from Switzerland. What astonished them was the nature of the corpses – not humans, not primates! Rows and rows of bodies were stacked five deep in shallow graves. Soil and tissue samples suggest they have been there some 600 years and are remarkably well preserved. Each one is over seven feet in height, extremely thin with large heads and long sinewy necks. The area has been cordoned off and prohibited to outsiders for fear of contamination whilst the site is being investigated.

THE MOST POTENT OCCULT SECRET EVER REVEALED!

PRANIC-ENERGY:

Mystic Powers of the Ancients

This extraordinary book by psychic researcher Julia Sanderson, based on 30 years of study and experiment, could easily be claimed to contain the most potent occult secret ever revealed to modern man. For here, in the pages of this exciting book, is the actual magick believed to have been practised by the fabulous Kahuna miracle workers of Old Hawaii and the temple priests of Ancient Egypt! After thousands of years of being lost in obscurity the very same, extraordinary magickal knowledge that enabled the Ancient Egyptians to amass unparalleled power and prosperity, and that was used by the Kahuna's to perform their extraordinary healing miracles **CAN NOW BE EMPLOYED BY MODERN MAN TO GAIN WHAT EVER HE DESIRES IN LIFE!**

Not only is this most potent of all occult secrets now available for use by modern man, but it has been reduced and condensed into one single magickal formula so easy to follow that even a child can use it! Miss Sanderson has spared the reader hours of complicated rituals and all the paraphernalia that go with them. The mighty secret of the Ancients, she says, can be employed with amazing results, in just ten to fifteen minutes a day - no more - if her simple instructions are carefully followed. All that the reader needs is privacy, the right frame of mind, and this book, in order to get very definite and exciting results from this ancient formula.

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- Through Application of This Secret, an Unemployed Man Unexpectedly Gained £2000.
- **HOW PRANIC-ENERGY CAN WIPE OUT PAIN AND DISEASE ALMOST OVERNIGHT - IT WORKS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS!**
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